

Good Morning 652

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

The restaurant of the House of Commons is booming—500 lunches a day with a five bob limit—and what food!—what cooking! Pay it a visit with JOHN FRANKS

Where Your M.P. Goes to Lunch

ONE of the outcomes of the war has been the way M.P.s have taken full advantage of the excellent restaurant and general catering service in the House of Commons. More Members are to-day taking lunch "on the spot" than at any other time in the history of the House, and this in itself is a tribute to the work of Mr. R. J. Bradley, manager of the Refreshment Department.

But then, having spent forty years looking after the feeding of M.P.s, it is easy to understand how, and why, he can please the "men of Westminster."

It was in 1887 that the Commons Kitchen Committee was formed, and during the years up till 1940, a good trade was built up. It was worked out that the trade was worth £1,200 a week, until the blitz lowered this figure. During the past few months, however, the restaurant has been booming, and it would cause no surprise if a new record were established.

An average of 500 lunches are served a day, and all are inside, up to, but never over, the five shilling limit. Naturally, the serving of such a large number of meals places a great strain upon the kitchen staff reduced because of the war from twenty-eight experts to the nine who gallantly hold the fort to-day.

Shortage of staff is one of the main reasons why a Member can only have two guests at lunch to-day.

Paul Ferran, the Chef, is responsible for the preparation of the meals. He is a Frenchman, but long-naturalised an Englishman, who has a great reputation for his skill.

He works very hard, too. Often his day is one of fifteen hours, and during this period, the Chef, because of the lay-out of the kitchens, which were constructed when there was no staff shortage, reckons he must often walk anything up to twenty miles. Everything is cooked by gas—and this is a fact which pleases all who work in the spacious kitchens of the House of Commons.

In addition to the ordinary meals, which are an enormous job in themselves, the kitchens prepare the hundreds of sausage rolls, pies, cakes, and the other things which are in con-

stant demand at the Cafeteria, which is open all the time the House is sitting.

Before the war, six pastry-cooks were employed on the task of keeping the M.P.s "well-stocked," but to-day one hard-working woman pastrycook, Miss Walker, is carrying on with great success.

If only she could hear the tributes paid to her cooking by the hungry M.P.s...

When peace returns, and the Commons, like everywhere else, can offer bigger meals, they have the equipment for taking on this additional work. Just before the war some of the most modern cooking equipment was installed, but the German crossing of the Polish Frontier in 1939 prevented Paul Ferran from using it.

But he may have the opportunity very soon... A large percentage of the kitchen staff have worked at the House for over ten years, so you can be sure there will be some celebrating when things return to near-normal.

What has struck the veterans, however, is that the present generations of M.P.s do not eat such large meals as the politicians of even

twenty years ago. They seem to prefer quality to quantity.

Ashby, Head Waiter in the Members' dining-room, has seen some changes since he took "command." He must have heard many a great secret, but his friends know he has never breathed a word of what he might have heard in the House. Extremely popular with all Members, he is the perfect head waiter—quiet, helpful, and very efficient.

In the course of their duties the folk who tend M.P.s' food requirements pick up the idea of the likes and dislikes of famous public figures. Winston Churchill, for instance, is always pleased to have roast beef; Anthony Eden prefers salads. And so it goes on—and the catering staff at Westminster, after years in the House, know how to cater for various Members.

Your M.P., as you can see is catered for well at the House of Commons without breaking the five-shilling limit. Maybe you will one day receive an offer to dine with him at the House. If this is the case you can rely upon a good meal, for they always "do you proud" in the House of Commons...

Remember Size 9½ P.O. Victor Cruz!

STOCKINGS, silk and fully-fashioned, were what we heard about first when we called on your wife at 78, Orsett-road, Grays, Essex, P.O. Victor Cruz. She said we must be sure to remind you, so we do. Her size is still nine and a half.

There were two air letters on the mantelpiece ready to go in the box for you, so don't forget about yours, will you? Keep them coming.

Your little nephew, Colin, was at home and talked quite expertly with our photographer. As your wife said, he's a very bright boy for three years old. He told us he wanted you to come home quickly so that you could pick him up and play with him like you used to. He says you'd better hurry or he'll be too big!

Your wife has been away from work for a while, but she's quite fit again now and will probably be going back soon. She looked very well indeed, so we weren't surprised to hear that.

She hopes your next leave will be the longest of the lot, and looks forward to going to town with you again—although she doesn't relish having to go out extra early to get that

certain national daily you're so fond of!

Your pal Alf is still waiting for you. He is quite determined to beat you at billiards one day.

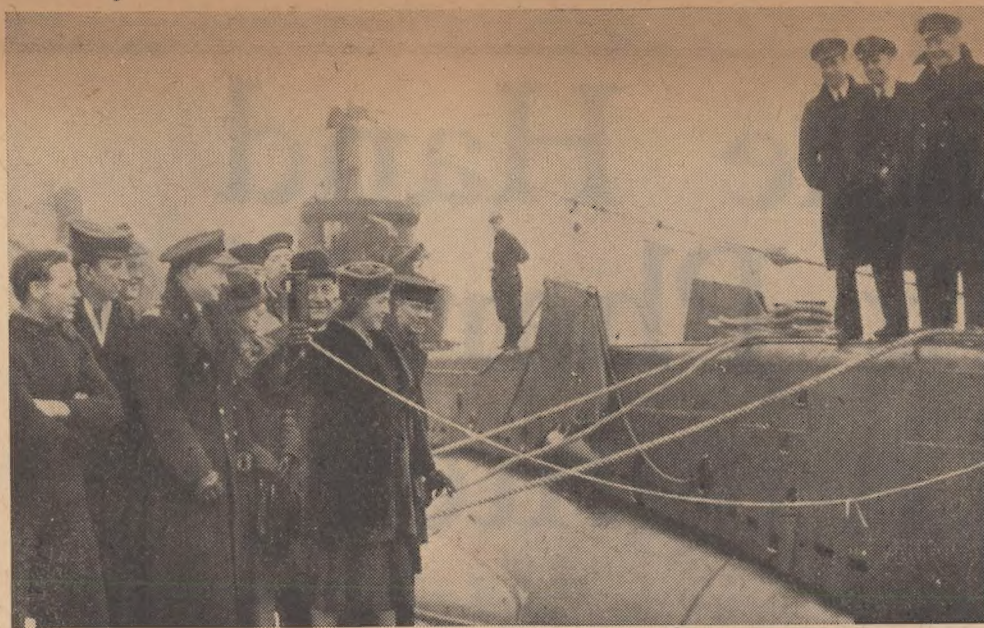
Your wife's parents send greetings to you and hope you'll be home soon. Dad is

just beginning to do the garden now, and he finds it very hot work, so he'll probably be extra glad to see you.

All the very best wishes come from everyone at Grays, together with a special wish for your safe and early return.



"Birdie be blowed!" thinks Colin



O. ORMROD "Good Morning" Staff Reporter, is "Talking Shop" to-day.

Twelve godfathers were represented at the christening of a "new-born" submarine in Cammell Laird's yard at Birkenhead one drizzling wet Sunday.

All the godfathers are printers or distributors of newspapers, and their duties will be to keep the crew supplied with magazines, periodicals, playing-cards and games, and they are all volunteering to send letters to everyone on board at least once a week.

One of the godparents present at the ceremony was Mr. W. H. Mann, 54-year-old managing director of Messrs. Samuel Stephen, Ltd., the printers of "Good Morning," who was accompanied by his wife.

Mr. Mann told me that the godparents would do their utmost to keep in close contact with their 47 god-sons.

"We hope they'll write to us often, and let us know if they want anything," he said. "We'll do our best to get them whatever they need, and we'll consider it our privilege and pleasure to help."

Mrs. Anne Beale, ex-Wren officer and wife of the commander, Lieut. Peter Beale, gave the ship its name in the proverbial way.

But the bottle didn't break the first time. Instead, the cork hit the boat, and the bottle bounced away to disappear beneath the waves.

"Shame! What a waste!"

Submarine christened by the wife of the Commander at the yard of Cammell Laird, Birkenhead, before the blessing was pronounced by the Bishop of Chester.

yelled the boys lined up on the quayside, and there was talk of calling the roll to make sure that no one had dived in, and was at that moment throwing a cherry party to the mermaids.

The second attempt was crowned with success, the bottle smashed to smithereens, and the boat was christened.

AFTER the christening, the blessing; Dr. D. H. Crick, Bishop of Chester, Britain's tallest Bishop, was there to perform the ceremony. He is 6ft. 3in. in his socks, and already used to bending double to get through the narrow hatchways of submarines, because he had blessed 14 previously.

Dr. Crick's daughter is a Wren, so the Bishop takes a special interest in the Senior Service.

He told the men that he wouldn't ask for God's protection for them, but for His Blessing.

It's ridiculous to suppose," he said, "that God would take more care of a ship that was blessed by a Bishop than He would of one that wasn't. It isn't true that He will look after the men on board more carefully if there is a service than if there isn't. We're not going to seek His protection, but we will ask instead for strength to enable you to carry out your duties."

Town Topics

OWING to the death of the man who did the "barbering" at Liskeard Poor Law Institution, the inmates were left without a "shave and haircut" for some time.

Then a hairdresser who was on out-relief came forward and offered his services, but confessed he was no hand at wielding a razor. Now the old men are getting a hair-cut, but will be forced to grow beards—which the hairdresser will clip—until a "shaver" can be found!

OMNIBUS RED. AFTER a war period of gloomy grey "battledress," Plymouth Corporation buses are beginning to blossom out in scarlet and cream paint.

Owing to rationing of materials it will take two years to repaint the fleet of 200 vehicles.

CINDER'S WEDDING. THE Lord Mayor of Cardiff, 80-years-old Alderman Walter Parker, who over Cardiff City's palmy days as English cup fighters was a prominent director, is looking for a Cinderella girl to claim a £30 wedding dowry.

It is the interest on £1,000, given to the City 48 years ago, by the 3rd Marquis of Bute, to commemorate his silver wedding. He directed that in April every year the

interest should go to the most deserving bride who applied for it.

Last year a sailor's bride was the winner.

If there is a submariner home on leave in the City in April whose little girl is getting ready for wedding bells, now is the time to get cracking.

Straight from the altar go the lucky pair to the Lord Mayor's parlour where, to fulfil the conditions of the gift they must listen to the Chief Magistrate reading the St. John's Gospel story about the marriage in Cana of Galilee.

MRS. M. TREBILCOCK, of Gilly Hill, Redruth, can't understand this worry over the domestic help problem.

She lives alone and does all her own housework. She had a birthday recently—her 97th!

MEDALS.

MR. CHARLES PHILLIPS, of Fraddon, Gwinear, recently risked his life to save a dog which had fallen down a shaft near his home.

He Got No Reward!

The reason? He already holds four medals, seven bars and three certificates for rescuing a total of 42 dogs and, as a R.S.P.C.A. inspector said, "has more medals already than he can easily carry about with him."

SHOP TALK

by Derek Hebenton

THE KING has been graciously pleased to give orders for the following appointment to the Distinguished Service Order and to approve the following awards:

For courage, skill and undaunted devotion to duty in successful patrols in one of H.M. Submarines:

D.S.O.
Lieut. James Stuart Launders, D.S.C., R.N.

D.S.C.
Lieut. Andrew Thomas Chalmers, R.N.

D.S.M.
P.O. Alan Barker; Temp. Acting Leading Stoker John Norman Standley; Acting Temp. Leading Tel. John Stanley Byrne; S.P.O. Alfred Henry Hewlett.

Mentions:
Temp. Sub-Lieut. Peter Charles Brand, R.N.V.R.; Acting Temp. Leading Seaman Percival Arthur Thomas Head; A.B. John McDougall; A.B. Henry James Plummer.
Nice Work gents—have a big cigar.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Blimey! A fish queue! What d'you suggest, turnin' back or runnin' the gauntlet?"

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

THE bed-curtains opened and I beheld the strangest figure imaginable before me.

It was a young girl of a very deep coffee-brown complexion, like the bayadere Amani, and possessing the purest Egyptian type of perfect beauty. Her eyes were almond-shaped and oblique, with eyebrows so black that they seemed blue; her nose was exquisitely chiselled, almost Greek in its delicacy of outline; and she might indeed have been taken for a Corinthian statue of bronze but for the prominence of her cheekbones and the slightly African fulness of her lips.

Her arms, slender and spindle-shaped like those of very young girls, were encircled by a peculiar kind of metal bands and bracelets of glass beads; her hair was all twisted into little cords, and she wore upon her bosom a little idol-figure of green paste, bearing a whip with seven lashes, which proved it to be an image of Isis; her brow was adorned with a shining plate of gold, and a few traces of paint relieved the coppery tint of her cheeks.

As for her costume, it was very odd indeed.

One strange circumstance, which was not at all calculated to restore my equanimity, was

The Hand of Pharaoh's Daughter

that the apparition had but one foot; the other was broken off at the ankle!

She approached the table where the foot was starting and fidgeting about more than ever, and there supported herself upon the edge of the desk. I saw her eyes fill with pearly gleaming tears.

Although she had not as yet spoken, I fully comprehended the thoughts which agitated her. She looked at her foot—

for it was indeed her own—with an exquisitely graceful expression of coquettish sadness, but the foot leaped and ran hither and thither, as though impelled on steel springs.

Twice or thrice she extended her hand to seize it, but could not succeed. Then commenced between the Princess Hermonthis and her foot—which appeared to be endowed with a special life of its own—a very fantastic dialogue in a most ancient Coptic tongue, such as might have been spoken thirty centuries ago in the syrnexes of the land of Ser. Luckily, I understood Coptic perfectly well that night.

The Princess Hermonthis cried, in a voice sweet and vibrant as the tones of a crystal bell:

"Well, my dear little foot, you always flee from me, yet I always took good care of you. I bathed you with perfumed water in a bowl of alabaster; I smoothed your heel with pumice-stone mixed with palm oil; your nails were cut with golden scissors and polished with a hippopotamus tooth."

The foot replied in a pouting and chagrined tone:

"You know well that I do

not belong to myself any longer. I have been bought and paid for. The old merchant knew what he was about. He bore you a grudge for having refused to espouse him. This is an ill turn which he has done you. The Arab who violated your royal coffin in the subterranean pits of the necropolis of Thebes was sent thither by him. He desired to prevent you from being present at the reunion of the shadowy nations in the cities below. Have you five pieces of gold for my ransom?"

"Alas, no! My jewels, my rings, my purses of gold and silver were all stolen from me," answered the Princess Hermonthis with a sob.

"Princess," I then exclaimed, "I never retained anybody's foot unjustly. Even though you have not got the five louis which it cost me, I present it to you gladly. I should feel unutterably wretched to think that I were the cause of so amiable a person as the Princess Hermonthis being lame."

I delivered this discourse in a royally gallant troubadour tone which must have astonished the beautiful Egyptian girl.

Concluding

"THE MUMMY'S FOOT"

By Theophile Gautier

She turned a look of deepest gratitude upon me, and her eyes shone with bluish gleams of light.

She took her foot, which sur-rendered itself willingly this time, like a woman about to put on her little shoe, and adjusted it to her leg with much skill.

This operation over, she took a few steps about the room, as though to assure herself that she was no longer lame.

"Ah, how pleased my father will be! He who was so unhappy because of my mutilation, and who from the moment of my birth set a whole nation at work to hollow me out a tomb so deep that he might preserve me intact until that last day, when souls must be weighed in the balance of Amenthi! Come with me to my father. He will receive you kindly, for you have given me back my foot."

I thought this proposition natural enough. I arrayed myself in a dressing-gown of large-flowered pattern, which lent me a very Pharaonic aspect, hurriedly put on a pair of Turkish slippers, and informed the Princess Hermonthis that I was ready to follow her.

Before starting, Hermonthis took from her neck the little idol of green paste, and laid it on the scattered sheets of paper which covered the table.

"It is only fair," she observed, smilingly, "that I should replace your paper-weight."

She gave me her hand, which felt soft and cold like the skin of a serpent, and we departed. For an instant we saw only sky and sea.

A few moments later obelisks

commenced to tower in the distance; pylons and vast flights of steps guarded by sphinxes became clearly outlined against the horizon.

We had reached our destination.

The princess conducted me to a mountain of rose-coloured granite, in the face of which appeared an opening so narrow and low that it would have been difficult to distinguish it from the fissures in the rock, had not its location been marked by two stelæ wrought with sculptures.

Hermonthis kindled a torch and led the way before me.

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. Fimble is a kind of hemp, finger-stall feeble joke, muddle, herb?
2. What title does the head of the Free Churches in England bear?
3. Who is supposed to have invented the saw, axe, and gimlet?
4. Who writes popular essays under the initials "Y.Y."?

5. Who is the present Chief Scout?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Couplet, Doublet, Triplet, Quatrain, Distich.

Answers to Quiz in No. 651

1. Edible fungus.
2. 25½ cwt.
3. Daddy-long-legs.
4. 62.
5. 10. (2 C.of E., 1 Wales, 7 R.C.)
6. Paraphrase is not a shortened version; others are.

One For His Nob

THIS familiar phrase which greets the cutting of a knave at crib must be one of the oldest in use in the English language. It has altered only from Noddy to Nob in the last three hundred years during which the game is known to have been played.

In fact, it was almost certainly played earlier than the 17th century, though it was not until Elizabethan times that it was able to hold its own with loadum, primero, cross-ruff, maw and ombre.

Just as the expressions in popular use in cribbage have survived, so have the rules. Certainly there is no other game still played to-day which could be recognised from a 17th century stanza with so much surety as these following lines describe crib. They were written in 1694 and were included in a poem entitled "Batt upon Batt."

"Shew me a man can turn up Noddy still, And deal himself three fives, too, when he will;

Conclude with one-and-thirty, and a pair, Never fail ten in Stock, and yet play fair..."

The Stock was, of course, the crib or box. How long man has been playing cards it is difficult to say. That the Chinese at the height of their civilisation had a game similar to our own is definitely established.

The actual pack with which you play on board was designed in 1380 in Rouen, and although some of the details have been miscopied and some lost in producing a double-headed design, the characters who inspired them can still be recognised.

David, Charlemagne, Alexander the Great, and Julius Caesar are the kings respectively of spades, hearts, diamonds and clubs.

The queens to whom these monarchs have been rather incongruously mated are Pallas Athene, protective goddess of Athens (spades), Judith of Judah (hearts), and Rachel, the wife of Joseph (diamonds). The queen of clubs remains a mystery, though the probable solution is that she was the mistress of one of the 14th century monarchs.

The knaves are not representative of particularly outstanding young men. Ogier the Dane, one of Charlemagne's favourites, is almost certainly the Jack of spades. Joar of Arc's lieutenant, La Hire, is the knave of hearts.

The diamond knave is believed to be Hector, and Sir Launcelot, of the Round Table, the Jack of clubs, a fact which probably accounts for the card indicating a sincere but hasty-tempered friend when studied by fortune-tellers.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



USELESS EUSTACE



"She sprinkled 'erself with your darned fertilizer! Now what?"

Wangling Words

No. 591

1. Behead a rogue and get part of a church.
2. In the following proverb, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? *Rof trebet malb a negdah a nath eb spehe.*
3. What girl's name has N for its exact middle?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: All — who deceive their pupils are —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 590

1. C-raft.
2. Quit you like men, be strong.
3. HILda.
4. Cares, races.

JANE

The Mummy's Foot

(Continued from Page 2)

We traversed corridors hewn through the living rock. At last we found ourselves in a hall so vast, so enormous, so immeasurable, that the eye could not reach its limits. The Princess Hermonthis still held my hand, and graciously saluted the mummies of her acquaintance. My eyes became accustomed to the dim twilight, and objects became discernible. After permitting me to gaze upon this bewildering spectacle a few moments, the Princess Hermonthis presented me to her father, Pharaoh, who favoured me with a most gracious nod.

"I have found my foot again! I have found my foot!" cried the princess, clapping her little hands together with every sign of frantic joy. "It was this

gentleman who restored it to me." The races of Kemi, the races of Nahasi—all the black, bronzed, and copper-coloured nations repeated in chorus: "The Princess Hermonthis has found her foot again!" "By Oms, the dog of Hell, and Tmei, daughter of the Sun and of Truth, this is a brave and worthy lad!" exclaimed Pharaoh, pointing to me with his sceptre, which was terminated with a lotus-flower. "What recompense do you desire?"

Filled with that daring inspired by dreams in which nothing seems impossible, I asked him for the hand of the Princess Hermonthis. The hand seemed to me a very proper antithetic recompense for the foot. Pharaoh opened wide his great eyes of glass in astonishment at my witty request.

"What country do you come from, and what is your age?" "I am a Frenchman, and I am twenty-seven years old, venerable Pharaoh." "Twenty-seven years old, and he wishes to espouse the Princess Hermonthis, who is thirty centuries old!" cried out at once all the Thrones and all the Circles of Nations. Only Hermonthis herself did not seem to think my request unreasonable.

"If you were even only two thousand years old," replied the ancient king, "I would willingly give you the princess, but the disproportion is too great; and, besides, we must give our daughters husbands who will last well. You do not know how to preserve yourselves any longer. Even those who died only fifteen centuries ago are already no more than a handful of dust. Behold, my flesh is solid as basalt, my

bones are bars of steel! "I will be present on the last day of the world with the same body and the same features which I had during my lifetime. My daughter Hermonthis will last longer than a statue of bronze. "Then the last particles of your dust will have been scattered abroad by the winds, and even Isis herself, who was able to find the atoms of Osiris, would scarce be able to recompense your being. "See how vigorous I yet remain, and how mighty is my grasp," he added, shaking my hand in the English fashion with a strength that buried my rings in the flesh of my fingers. He squeezed me so hard that I awoke—and found my friend Alfred shaking me by the arm to make me get up. "Oh, you everlasting sleeper! Must I have you carried out into the middle of the street and fireworks exploded in your ears? It is afternoon. Don't you recollect your promise to

take me with you to see M. Aguado's Spanish pictures?" "God! I forgot all, all about it," I answered, dressing myself hurriedly. "We will go there at once. I have the permit lying there on my desk." I started to find it, but fancy my astonishment when I beheld, instead of the mummy's foot I had purchased the evening before, the little green paste idol left in its place by the Princess Hermonthis!

THE END

ALEX CRACKS

Once knew a juggler who was fired because his right hand never knew what his left was doing.

* * *

A certain Mayor of Norwich received the King when he visited that city. "Yours is an ancient city, Mr. Mayor," said the King. "It was once, your Majesty," was the reply.



Susan Peters

SHE failed in high-school dramatics. . . . The next day she was given a screen test. . . . Harboured two pet aversions about nicknames since she was so high"—one was Susie, the other Pete. . . . So the studio named her Susan Peters, and now her friends call her Susie.

In real life does all her own housework, including cooking. . . . Is a definite and incurable fresh-air fiend. . . . Hates to go shopping for herself. . . . Can't wait to go on a buying spree for gifts to give her friends. . . . Refuses to enter in an argument. . . . Loves to start political squabbles and then retire to a corner and read a book.

On the screen Susie is the perfect lady. . . . On the set she's a perfect hoyden. . . . Directors have to bribe her to stop climbing on the high and dangerous catwalks. . . . Loves the idea of living on a big scale, large rambling house set in the midst of acreage. . . . Has never lived in anything but an apartment. . . . Satisfied her "big scale" urge by owning a great Dane dog named "Thunder."

Never liked school. . . . Someday wants to return. . . . She wants to pass the drama course!

That, in a nutshell, is a pen-picture of Susan Peters, young Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starlet, shortly to be seen in London in "Keep Your Powder Dry," in which she appears as a member of the Women's Army Corps.

DICK GORDON.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

HP CRAWL S
MOOCH HEATH
APPEAR ECRU
RE RIOT OUT
I PERTAINS
ABEAM TRITE
ECLECTIC B
ARC NOES SO
PEAL BRECON
STREW ESSAY
E YIELD MR

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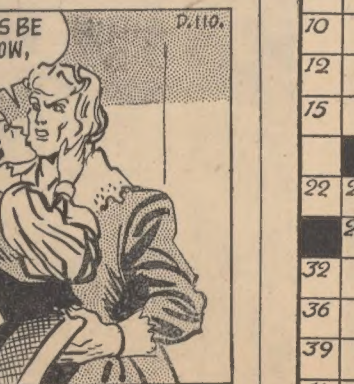
CLUES ACROSS.—1 Walk. 5 Rumour. 10 Not asleep. 11 Shelter. 12 Showy flower. 13 Prevailing system. 15 Metal. 17 Sports trunk. 18 Fluent. 21 Central. 22 Cry of surprise. 24 Accustom. 26 Pronoun. 28 Republic. 30 Counter. 32 Skirmish. 34 Copy. 36 Linger. 38 Slovenly woman. 39 Skill. 40 Exaggerate. 41 Dog. 42 Marquis.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Flexible shoot. 2 Vehicle. 3 Lengthening. 4 Climber. 5 Dog. 6 Boy's name. 7 Elsewhere plea. 8 Make good. 9 Ruminants. 14 Pastimes. 16 Row. 19 Smallest. 20 Graft. 23 Polar radiation. 25 Free. 27 Devonshire town. 29 Adapts. 31 Wiltshire town. 32 Let things out. 33 At this point. 35 Purplish-brown. 37 Nonsense. 38 Enervate.

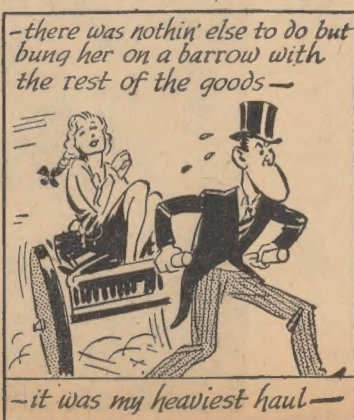
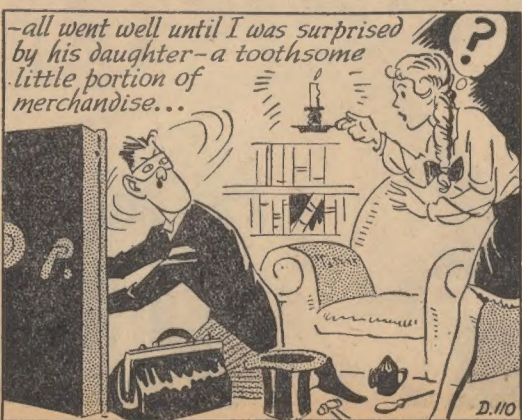
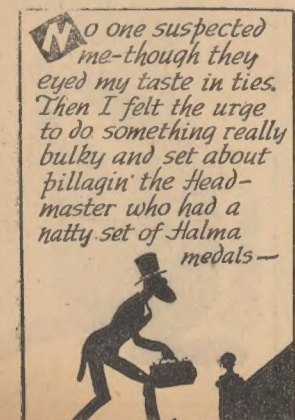
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Good Morning



SHE HADN'T GOT A
POKER FACE!



That should teach her not to bet on
a pair of Queens in a hurry again.
If she didn't know before, she knows
now what a running flush is!



SHE STRIPS TO CONQUER

Film lovelies play a hand of strip poker in public at a Hollywood party—and all in sweet charity's name. This was one of the games when it's good form to lose, for it was part of a U.S. national drive to get clothing for liberated Europe. The gals donated their lost frocks—and things!—to the good cause. On the left, Toni Seven is peeling because she's just lost to Ann Miller, who wagered her nether garment on the turn of a card. If Toni isn't careful, she'll have to borrow a pair of Jack's to go home in!



We all know that useful piece of furniture known as the washhand-stand. Well, here is the modern variation—"wash-hand-sit." And yet we're not sure—is "hand" quite the right word?

★ HOME TOWN.

No need to tell a supporter of Aston Villa where this photograph was taken—or any of the million others who live in Birmingham, either. It's New Street, and we should guess that the camera was set up in the window of a building at the corner of Corporation Street. Let's hope it brings a breath of home to all submariners who know this city of motor-cars, metal works and funny shaped bowler hats.

★ SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I once knew a Tom from Brum—used to visit me whenever there was an R in the month!"

